

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1878.

The Week.

THE President last Thursday removed Messrs. Arthur and Cornell from the positions of Collector and Naval Officer of this port, and appointed General E. A. Merritt, the present Surveyor, and Mr. S. W. Burt, the present Deputy Naval Officer, in their stead. These changes, of course, to be permanent, will have to be approved by the Senate next winter. Though Mr. Fenton's name is not on the bond of the new Collector, the opinion seems to prevail that the removals are part of a plan to reorganize the party by the aid of the Fenton wing, and defeat Mr. Conkling's attempt to secure the Senatorship. It is supposed that they will be followed by extensive changes.

This cannot be said to be civil-service reform, but it will be welcomed in many quarters by those who wish well to the Administration, and take the view of Mr. Hayes expressed by Mr. Charles Foster, of Ohio, who says, "He is a good man and is doing first-rate." The Republican press of this city is not well satisfied with the removals; the *Tribune* exhorts its readers not to allow them to ruffle their tempers, and to remember that the only issue now is whether "those who strove to ruin the country shall be allowed to govern it." It admits that on the eve of a deadly conflict with the public foe it is a bad thing to change collectors, but if the commander-in-chief thinks we ought to, let us advance against the enemy under Merritt with the same smiling faces that we should have worn under Arthur. The *Times* is more bitter. It says the facts are these: Arthur was appointed at a time when political service was a requisite of the position; this he gave to the best of his ability; but the most searching investigation has failed to discover that he sacrificed any of the interests of the public to the men to whom he owed his position. Successive committees have in vain endeavored to cast a slur on his honesty or his energy, and the recently recommended reforms were in almost every case urged by the Collector in advance. In pursuance of what is called the "policy" of the Administration, it was determined to remove him; no charges were made against him, except that he did not believe in a civil-service policy which the President did not act upon. The Senate refused to agree to the substitution of Mr. Roosevelt, and now, the Senate having adjourned, the President removes Arthur, "in order to make up a better case for his removal" next winter, and the officer discharged in this way is replaced "by E. A. Merritt!" Verily, says the *Times*, "the wayfaring man, though a fool, can hardly fail to perceive the mingled imbecility and meanness of this latest effort in the direction of reform." All of which shows that, as in custom-houses so, too, in journalism, politics have frequently a deplorable effect on the temper.

Mr. Cornell's letter to the President, written on the 8th of last September, at the time of the first request for his resignation, has been published. It appears that on the 6th of September he was informed by Mr. Sherman that the President had determined on changes in the three leading positions in the Custom-house, and that his resignation would be accepted; that within a week the Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury had written him (Mr. Cornell says that he represented himself as acting by authority) that the President "had no disposition to disturb him in the Naval Office"; that this and other statements left him (Cornell) to conjecture what might be the cause of the trouble, and after deliberation he was forced to ask himself whether it could possibly have anything to do with his retention of his membership in the National Committee and the chairmanship of the State Committee. The Executive order issued in June declared "that no officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organiza-

tions, conventions, or election campaigns." Now, his active duties on both committees had been at this time fully discharged, and the only act incumbent upon Mr. Cornell was the formal calling of the two conventions. On the 6th of July he was informed, he says, by the Acting-Secretary of the Treasury that the President had stated to him that he did not object to such a formality as this, and on the same day there was published a letter from the Postmaster-General to the chairman of the Wisconsin Republican Committee, who was also a Federal official, expressing the opinion that to "merely provide for the calling of a convention and to call it to order, without attempting to control its organization or future action," would not be inconsistent with the President's order. His own interpretation of the order being thus sustained, he continued to hold the two positions until the 4th of September, when he received two letters from the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in which the latter told him (at the President's request) that the papers had "forced public sentiment to a point" in his case where the President felt bound in self-respect to take action if he did not, and suggesting a resignation from the committees. On the same day he received a telegram from the Assistant Secretary, saying, "Administration wants your decision before 12," and intimating that "suspension to-day" was probable if he did not act. This was too much for the haughty Cornell; and he confidently expresses the opinion that the President "will not wonder that I instinctively determined not to prostrate myself at such a summons." Mr. Cornell now washed his hands of all further responsibility in the matter and left it in the President's hands.

The demand for United States bonds was active during the week. Popular subscriptions to the 4 per cents were sufficient to warrant the Treasury in calling in for redemption another \$5,000,000 5-20 6 per cents; this call raises the total of 5-20s notified for redemption to \$30,000,000 since May 1. The old issues of U. S. bonds have been bought freely by banks and others wishing temporarily to employ money at a higher rate than can be obtained for it on demand loans. The large subscriptions to the 4 per cent. bonds, which have to be settled in gold, has created a demand for gold sufficient to keep the price up to 100½ to 100s, and this in the face of a weak and declining market for bills on London. All the doubts that exist about the importation of gold before the close of August arise from the condition of the Bank of England and the London money market. Silver has ruled at 52½d. to 52½d. per oz., closing at 52½d. The bullion value of the new silver dollar ranged here between \$0.8894 and \$0.8855 gold. The visit of Secretary Sherman to New York during the week had less to do with financial business than with Custom-house politics. At Saratoga there was a meeting of the leading officials of the Vanderbilt railroads; and an organization of the lines, including the recent acquisition (the Michigan Central), was completed. The foundation was also laid for another pooling of West-bound freights by the leading trunk lines.

Messrs. Dun & Co.'s semi-annual circular shows the failures of the first six months of the present year to have very greatly increased over those of the corresponding period of last year, both in number and amount. There were 4,749 in the first half of 1877, with total liabilities amounting to \$99,606,171; in the first half of this year there have been 5,825, with liabilities amounting to \$130,832,766. The causes of this enormous and dismal increase are, according to the authors of the circular, the openness of the winter, which, by its effect on the roads, retarded sales and deliveries of produce, and collections; the discussion of financial measures in Congress; the fear of important changes in the tariff, and the postponement of the repeal of the Bankrupt Act. "The shrinkage of values," which they also set down among the causes, we take leave to consider merely an effect of the three agencies first enumerated. We are quite sure

that the most powerful of all the causes of the prevailing depression is, however, the fact that Congress and the politicians have got control of the standard of value and of the volume of the currency, and show no disposition to relinquish it, and we venture on the prediction that there will be no real revival of American prosperity until this comes to an end. It is as futile to look for it as it would be to look for the prosperity of a banking-house whose operations were each day superintended by a committee of long-haired and impecunious social reformers sitting in the parlor. Perfect confidence in the future, for at least five years, is an essential condition of the free investment of capital, and this will never be witnessed as long as the Blands, Kelleys, and Voorheeses have it in their power to settle once a year how much money per capita is needed by the "wheels of industry."

The Cincinnati *Times* very properly issues "a warning to the friends of silver," calling their attention to the continued unhand-some treatment of that metal by the Secretary of the Treasury. It was the Cincinnati *Commercial*, we believe, which first called for an attitude of love towards silver on the part of the Treasury, so as to prevent its seeking shelter in the merchants' tills in the West. Since then the Secretary has offered free lodging to it in his vaults, and enormous numbers of lonely dollars have availed themselves of his kindness and are now crouching there. This state of things is, however, still unsatisfactory to the friends of the silver dollar. The Cincinnati *Times* charges the Secretary with treacherously coining trade-dollars that are not needed; with buying bullion in England when he might have bought it at home; with "assiduously priming correspondents of the press with information that all plans for getting the silver dollar into circulation have failed"; and with "continually and cunningly supplying the gold-bull press with 'news' hostile to the bi-metallic standard." It demands, therefore, that silver dollars (Fathers') "be now paid out equally with gold and paper for the Government dues," and says this, with a few other little arrangements, "would make the dollar a grand success." The amount of fraud, treason, cunning, and mendacity enlisted against the dollar seems absolutely appalling, and we again recur to our old suggestion, that the management of this beloved coin be given to women. Tender female hearts alone can know the kind of treatment a Fathers' dollar needs, and soft female hands alone are fit to handle it. How the Fathers would feel, could they rise from their graves and hear the cruel lies that are told about it, and see the hellish intrigues that are started against it! We believe some monsters are already counterfeiting it, and plans are on foot for subjecting it to the inhuman process called "sweating." The surest way, in fact, of making silver circulate would be not to pay it to cold, calculating traders for value received, but to give it to widows and orphans and other helpless persons, on the simple condition that they would treat it kindly and keep it in a flannel bag in cold weather.

The Potter Committee has examined Senator Kellogg, who swears that the Louisiana election in 1876 was carried by means of "intimidation" in five parishes, East and West Feliciana, Ouachita, Morehouse, and East Baton Rouge, and that this was part of a Democratic plot to have the campaign result in no election, and so overthrow the State government; that they did not care much, one way or the other, for the Returning Board, but wanted to bring about turmoil and general disorder; he thinks that Packard could have legally applied to the Supreme Court to try his title, but that the appointment of Judge King by Mr. Hayes as Collector destroyed the Republican quorum in the court favorable to his pretensions; says that he first heard of the Sherman letter "within a year"; that he received last November a letter from Mrs. Jenks (destroyed), begging a position for her husband or brother, in which the Sherman letter seems to have been referred to by her; that he saw her again during the holidays last winter, and she again alluded to it, when he sent her off and advised her to show it to Packard; that she did call on Packard, and that he saw her and Packard afterward, but that he "did not care to go into the subject, as it was a

matter of scandal." He contradicted Anderson as to the latter's story of a Republican conspiracy to have the election in the bull-dozed parishes go by default, and produced despatches from D. A. and E. L. Weber, sent from Bayou Sara just before the elections, alleging intimidation and an attempt at assassination.

With regard to the conduct of Mr. Sherman in New Orleans, he declares that, so far as he knows, that gentleman did nothing to influence the supervisors or the Returning Board in their action; that he knew of no forgery or bribery in the case, though he admits that Madison Wells represented to him at the time the count was concluded that one of the members of the Board, Kenner, was "disinclined to assume the responsibility that he would incur by reason of the odium that he thought would be visited upon him if he continued on the Board," and that he was "rather timid" and "comparatively poor," and felt that he "would suffer heavily" through his connection with the canvass. He denies that any proposition was made to raise money for Kenner, and while admitting that he had himself heavy election expenses, and borrowed about \$20,000 after the election, says that the loan had nothing to do with the election. As to the forged electoral certificates, he knows nothing about them personally, but had heard one Kelley (suborned by the Committee) spoken of as a man suspected of the forgery; had received a letter from James Armistead, a colored man in New Orleans, in which he stated that Kelley had "gone up the river" with a man named Kennedy, a Senate employee, but had destroyed the letter, as he does "all letters containing scandal and rumors concerning matters of that kind."

The Republicans appear greatly pleased with this testimony, apparently having been afraid that Kellogg was going to declare that the election had been a perfectly fair one and that the Democrats had been cheated. But it was not probable that he would do this in any case, as it would have entailed serious risks upon himself. The Republicans have made the mistake from the first of treating Kellogg's and Sherman's testimony as very valuable; but to any one who looks at the matter impartially it is quite clear that they are from the outset discredited by their enormous interest in the result, and that what is chiefly to be expected from them is admissions or corroborations of other testimony. Their direct testimony is, of course, in their own favor. A great many of the most important facts brought out by the Committee, too, are so hidden in the mass of evidence as to be unintelligible at the present stage of the investigation. For instance, with regard to the forged certificates, Kellogg has satisfactorily explained the whole affair by testifying that he felt somewhat uneasy as to certificate No. 3 (the forged document), and therefore informed Senator Morton of the facts connected with its preparation. Yet he now says that all he knew was that it had been executed twenty days after the time fixed for the meeting of the college, so that this was the only fact he could have communicated to Mr. Morton. But it is clear that he must also have known that the certificates were false, as they purported to recite acts on the part of the electors which had never taken place; and now, it seems, the man who is suspected of having forged the names is spirited off (after having been summoned by the Committee) by a politician whose leave of absence was applied for by Kellogg. The connection of these facts with one another may be made plain by further testimony, the effect of which we do not at all desire to anticipate.

A correspondent of the *Times* has been making an examination into the condition and prospects of the "Nationals" in this State, who are to hold a convention at Syracuse on the 23d of this month. From his account, it seems that the new party is made up of several different factions, all of which are now, or soon will be, engaged in a desperate struggle for the leadership. There are the "Greenbackers," who want unlimited money; the "Labor Reformers," who want limited hours of work, or higher wages, or a cessation of convict competition; and pure Communists, who desire "from every one accord-

ing to his ability, to every one according to his needs." In several counties the new party has an organization of some kind, stronger in the cities than anywhere else. Its strength is of a sort difficult to estimate, as its leaders generally affect a good deal of secrecy and mystery. In this city the aims of these reformers appear to be chiefly Communistic, and there is a great deal of quarrelling and bickering going on which does not promise well for "harmony." When the convention comes together the new party will have to meet the difficulty of drawing up a platform, and if we may judge from the unofficial demands made in advance, it will be a startling one. A petition to the Aldermen has been circulated, recommending "the purchase, on the city's credit, of flour and coal in sufficient quantities, to be deposited in proper depots and sold in small quantities to the citizens at cost price." The city is also asked to issue "labor scrip in denominations from \$1 to \$50, the scrip to be receivable for all taxes, licenses, and claims due the city," and to be used "for the erection of public schools, building of permanent wharves, piers, bridges, ferries, markets"; and also "the construction of buildings on city property suitable for dwellings and other purposes." Such proposals as this make the connection between the paper-money lunacy and Communism very apparent.

Since the fight with the Indians at Camp Curry they have been effectively hemmed in on many sides, and have been defeated in two other engagements of some consequence. Armed steamboats have patrolled the Columbia River from Wallula to Umatilla, while troops have been pressing in from Pendleton (just north of the Camas Prairie), and from Granite City, Baker City, and Boise City. The hostiles, on their part, have sought to escape by the Grande Ronde, a western tributary of the Snake River. On the 8th inst., General Howard overtook them near the headwaters of Birch Creek and Butler Creek (southern tributaries of the Columbia), some twenty miles south of Pendleton. He charged them up and over several very steep ridges, and dislodged them three times from formidable positions with small loss to his own command, and with uncertain loss to them, except in jaded animals, provisions, ammunition, and camp material hastily abandoned. Their retreat was north and eastward, and General Howard returned to Wallula to take boat to the Snake crossing with a view to heading them off. Meantime, on the 12th, Col. Mills, who was at Pendleton, learning that the Indians were east of him, at Cayuse Station in the Umatilla Reservation, set out with an inferior force and encountered them at a distance of six miles. A long-range skirmish, all the morning, gave way to a charge by the Indians at noon, which was repulsed, and was followed by a counter charge that drove them four miles into the hills. Some of the Umatillas from the agency were passive spectators of the fight, but had they been armed it is probable they would have taken sides against the hostiles rather than for them. Cayuse Station was destroyed.

The 12th of July passed off in Montreal almost entirely without disturbance, owing to the fact that the Orangemen at the last moment resolved not to march in procession and disbanded. Had they appeared in the streets there is no doubt that a bloody riot would have taken place. The correspondence between Mayer Beaudry and the Premier, Hon. A. Mackenzie, on the subject of the procession has been published, from which it appears that the former took the ground that under the statutes it was an illegal meeting, and asked the advice of the law-officers of the Government as to his duty in the premises. To this Mr. Mackenzie replied that he ought to consult the law-officers of the Province and not the Dominion, but that it made no difference whether the Orange association was an "illegal confederacy" or not, for this in no way relieved him as mayor from the duty of protecting its members as citizens. "It is the absolute right of every person," he goes on, "to walk public streets, and this may be exercised by them individually or together, and the mere fact that every person in a collection of persons walking together happens to belong to an illegal association, or to several illegal associations, does not render un-

lawful his act of walking the public streets alone or in company." As the question of the "absolute right" of procession is likely to come up again in Montreal on every 12th of July, as it used to do here, it may be worth while to point out that Mr. Mackenzie is utterly mistaken in what he says here. There is no such right as the right of procession known to English or American law. To use the street as a means of getting from one place to another is one thing; to use it for the purpose of a political demonstration is entirely different. Whether the latter shall be done is a matter entirely with the discretion of the authorities of the city in which it is proposed to have the procession; and there is no more reason for deducing an "absolute right" of procession which threatens to excite public disorder and riot from the simple right of walking the streets, than there is reason for inferring an "absolute right" to drive a herd of wild beasts through the streets from the acknowledged right to drive a T-cart or ride a horse.

A summary of the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin has been received by telegraph, but it is needless to comment on them in detail until the full text has arrived. The principal points were already known. Up to the revelation of the cession of Cyprus and the protectorate of Asiatic Turkey, the settlement had been acknowledged by the Continental press, and by all that portion of the British press not formally devoted to Lord Beaconsfield, to be a triumph of Russia and complete defeat of England, and a virtual partition of Turkey, which the *Paris Temps* likens in all respects to that of Poland. The seizure of Cyprus is somewhat of a consolation to the British Tories, but the protectorate of Turkey is an undertaking which looks more formidable the more it is examined, and it is more than probable that this will be abandoned after a while, and that Cyprus will be the sole reward of the stand for "the public laws of Europe." Austria gets Bosnia and Herzegovina, and takes them so cheerfully that it is now plain that she has been working for them all along, but did not want to pay for them either in blood or money. The Turks tried to extract from her an acknowledgment of the Sultan's sovereignty before crossing the frontier, but was told that she could not discuss a "question of principle" after the Congress had decided. A smile, in fact, appears on every face when it is suggested that her occupation will be only temporary. The most humorous part of the transaction is Lord Beaconsfield's securing the Turks the great "mountain barrier" of the Balkans, the passes of which they are to fortify "impregably." Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* sees the joke of this, and points out that the passes will simply furnish a trap in which Russia will catch the garrisons whenever she goes to war again. Mountain passes are of no use to a power which cannot prevent them from being turned, or keep the field behind them. In fact, the whole arrangement is simply the payment of a first dividend out of Turkey's bankrupt estate, and the postponement of a final settlement to a more convenient season—say ten years. The French and Italian press protest vigorously against the seizure of Cyprus, but probably this is all the opposition the step will meet with.

The English Board of Trade have found Captain Holmes, of the Williams & Guion steamer *Idaho*, which went ashore on the 1st of June on the Irish coast, guilty of having miscalculated his distance all along the Irish coast; of not having, as required by law, slackened speed when the fog came on and cast his lead, which would have shown him that he was more to the northward than he thought he was. But the court complimented him highly on the excellent discipline on board which the accident revealed, and on "the admirable manner" in which he had himself behaved, and, in consideration of this and of his excellent antecedents, only suspended his certificate for six months, allowing him to take out that of a first officer during that period if he thought proper. The difficulty the steamship companies have in getting even the best officers to stick to the policy of over-caution is one of the most curious facts of ocean navigation, considering that nearly every year there is warning of its necessity in the shape of a great disaster.

THE CHANGES IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE removal of Collector Arthur and Naval Officer Cornell took the public by surprise, because the conclusion had been reached on all hands that civil-service reform had been abandoned by the Administration, or perhaps had never been seriously contemplated, or, more likely still, had never been comprehended by the President or by more than one member of his Cabinet. In view of the disclosures made by the Potter Committee, the friends of Messrs. Arthur and Cornell are justified in crying *tu quoque* to the authorities at Washington; yet the fact remains that these officers ought to have been removed long ago, and that their continuance in office has been a reproach to the Administration and a detriment to the public service every day—a reproach because it was based upon a defiance of superior authority, and a detriment because the first consideration governing the Custom-house was fealty to Senator Conkling; the second or third or some other consideration having reference to the collection of duties on imports. The President need not be surprised that the public look upon these changes as a blow aimed at Conkling rather than a plan for bettering the public service. That half the people should believe that it will help Conkling by enlisting sympathy for him as a victim of persecution, while the other half believe that it will hurt him by depriving him of capital on which to trade with John Kelly; that this should be the division of public sentiment rather than any debate upon the needs of the civil service or any public interests whatever, is due to the Administration, and constitutes its serious reproach. Nevertheless, the bestowal of sympathy upon Arthur, Cornell, and Conkling is all wasted. It was not fitting that the New York Custom-House should remain under the suzerainty of Senator Conkling; still less that it should be in rebellion against its lawful superiors. These facts will probably drill themselves into the public mind before next December, while the present tendency to gush over the sufferings of the removed officers can hardly last so long. "It is confidently expected," says a *Times* reporter, writing fresh from the scene of the calamity, "that when Congress meets in December next the Senate will refuse to confirm the new appointments, in which event Mr. Arthur and Mr. Cornell will at once resume their official positions, as neither will resign." It will not be wise for the weighers and gaugers to take this view of the situation. Little dependence can be placed upon a Senate in which the Republicans have a majority of only one (including Patterson and Conover), and in which Mr. Conkling was enabled to prevail over the Administration last autumn only by the aid of an awkward squad of Democrats, who are likely to be under better discipline hereafter. The Administration, moreover, was taken by surprise in that affair. It will not be so in the next engagement. Any appraiser or storekeeper who preserves his allegiance to Arthur and Cornell, relying upon the Senate to reward his virtue, will make a fatal mistake.

It is painful to be compelled to put a sinister construction upon a wise and proper act. Mr. Cornell had defied the Administration in a manner both ostentatious and offensive, and Mr. Arthur, while his methods had been less obnoxious to good taste, was no more in harmony with his superior officers than Cornell, or even Conkling. The latter, we believe, has not been on speaking terms with the President since Mr. Hayes's inauguration; yet he has managed to control the principal offices under the Government, and to train its vast patronage in hostility to the President and his declared wishes. No Administration with a grain of self-respect could allow such a state of things to continue, or could refrain from exhausting its powers to put an end to such indignity. Yet, wise and proper and even necessary as we hold the removal of these officers to have been, we apprehend that the time has gone by when Mr. Hayes could promote the cause of civil-service reform by displacing them. A better collection of the revenue may be secured, rigorous abstention from the caucus may be enforced, the technical amendments of the Jay Commission may be put in operation, the tribe of sinecurists may be driven away, the threatened alliance with Tammany may be brought to confusion—all these things may be accomplished without

advancing civil-service reform an inch. The public having ceased to look for civil-service reform from an Administration whose earliest act was to shower offices and emoluments upon the two Andersons, Dennis, McLin, and a long line of kindred spirits whom both parties are now vying with each other to prove worthy of the State-prison, all such reforms will be looked upon as no part of a new system but as mere variations of the old one. The performance of the routine duties may, and very likely will, be improved by Collector Merritt, seeing that he must do something to justify his appointment, but the morale of the service will not be altered. The reform, such as it is, begun in the New York Custom-house will not extend itself by force of example to any other custom-house, or even to the adjoining Sub-Treasury. The character of the Administration in this behalf is established, and while it may continue to amend the public service, as it undoubtedly has done in many important particulars, especially in Washington City, we are not authorized to expect, during the two and a half years that still remain, any reform of the civil service that can be called "thorough, radical, and complete."

Although the promised reform has not been accomplished, one or two interesting facts seem to have been established. It is plain that no harm can be done to the cause by an administration unfriendly to it, although grave injury may be inflicted by one which professes to believe in its principles but fails to be governed by them. The Grant Administration was an effective and daily argument for a reformed civil service; so effective, indeed, that both political parties were under the necessity of avowing themselves in favor of it, and Mr. Hayes found it expedient to make an explicit declaration upon the subject additional to the Republican platform. This declaration, repeated in the inaugural address, was greeted with such a manifestation of public approval that even the "Senatorial Group" were awed by it. Nothing remained but to live up to the declaration in order to put civil-service reform upon a foundation where it would have been extremely hazardous for any succeeding Administration to attempt to disturb it. A great opportunity has been lost, and it is idle now to pretend that the task may be again taken up with the advantages which existed on the 4th of March, 1877. It is plain, also, that the *personnel* of the civil service does not desire to be reformed. Although it has had no great opportunity to show its appreciation of reform, yet such expression as it has given has been extremely surly. Apparently it would rather be turned out of office *en masse* by the Democrats than learn any new tricks or unlearn any old ones. When this fate overtakes it there will be converts to civil-service reform in many unexpected quarters.

The immediate penalty visited on the Administration for its failure to redeem its pledges is that few persons will believe that the Custom-house changes are made with any other object than to cripple Senator Conkling. Still it must be said of President Hayes that, however ready he has been to reward those who have been serviceable to him, he has never shown any desire to be revenged of his enemies. The presumption, therefore, is that vindictiveness was not the governing consideration in the recent removals. Whatever the motive the blow will not be a light or inconsiderable one to Mr. Conkling. It will be serious because it touches him in the sources of his strength. To a Senator who had acquired a hold upon the people of his State by regular and thoughtful discussion of public questions the loss of a custom-house would be immaterial, and ought to be considered an advantage, as giving him better command of his own time. The want of patronage appears to give Senator Kernan no concern. But Mr. Conkling seems to entertain a sovereign contempt for public business other than that which is discussed in secret. During the long session just closed, replete with questions of importance to the State and nation, he sat wrapped in Olympian gloom, as though the debates on the Silver and Currency Bills, the Army Appropriation Bill and the rest, were altogether beneath his notice. In the Pacific Railroad debate he came out of his cloud long enough to show that he was on the side of the railroads. All his triumphs were achieved when somebody was to be confirmed or somebody rejected for office. Here, we are told by admiring re-

porters who were not present, his prowess was remarkable, and we are asked to believe that he is a great Senator, or rather "the great Senator," because he has uttered more sarcasms than anybody else had time to answer behind the closed doors of the executive session. To him, therefore, the loss of custom-house patronage is a real deprivation. A campaign is coming on in which his natural strength is to be tested. If he is a great Senator he will now have the opportunity to prove his calibre on a fair field, and his competitors will have an equal chance. If he has anything to say which the country has any interest to hear, the time is ripe for the disclosure.

THE GRANGER THEORY APPLIED TO THE GRANGERS.

THERE is no lover of experimental politics who must not be glad to see the Granger theory of the rights of property applied to the property of the farmers themselves, by the destruction of their machines by laborers in want of work. During the Granger agitation the doctrine was preached, and actually embodied in legislation, that if a railroad stockholder or bondholder had no constitutional protection against the use of his line at non-paying rates the state would be perfectly justified in totally disregarding his interests and his expectations, especially if it could be shown that his road had been extravagantly built or badly managed, or that the stock had at some time been watered. The argument by which this was supported was perfectly simple, viz., that the farmer would lose money unless he could put part of the expense of carrying his crops to market on some one else. A formal "paper" on this theme was actually read at a meeting of the Social Science Association by a Western philosopher, in which he showed that while bankers and manufacturers made twenty per cent. on their capital, the farmer only made five, and maintained that this was a state of things which the latter could not be reasonably expected to put up with any longer; that he must get increased returns on his money out of somebody, and, of course, the owners of railroads were the portion of the moneyed class that it was easiest to get at—in fact, the only portion that could be got at at all. This discovery was listened to by the audience with great gravity, and was reported by the newspapers as a somewhat striking economical discovery. In fact, for nearly two years the farmer was the spoiled child of our politics. There was no privilege that was not claimed for him, but none with so much vehemence as the privilege of having himself and his produce transported by the unfortunate owners of railroad property at rates that would make him comfortable whatever became of them, and it was taken for granted all through the discussion that every large owner of railroad property was a rascal—that he could not honestly have acquired so much more means than the average farmer.

Our readers will bear us witness that we frequently pointed out at the time that the honest farmer would not long be able to keep this comfortable political economy to himself; that a doctrine so attractive would soon spread, and that it would speedily produce a considerable class who would endeavor to live off the farmer himself, or ameliorate their condition by going shares with him. In fact, the Granger agitation, though it took the form of an attempt to have railroads regulated by the State, as has been done in other countries, was based on ideas which were essentially communistic, and the application of which it was folly to suppose could be long confined to one species of property. It would not be easy to prove, of course, that it started the communistic fever which is now running through the whole laboring class, and seems likely to found a political party, but it unquestionably prepared for it and stimulated it. The position of the laborer who insists on the farmer laying aside his machines and having his crops gathered by hand, is an unanswerable deduction from Granger premises. If the market rate of wages does not make him comfortable he has a right to select the farmer as the proper person to help him out; and if the disuse of the machines be necessary to raise the rate, disused they must be. That the farmer does not like it is no answer to the argument that he is better off than the laborer, and that there are ten laborers to

one farmer; and it must be said that there is no great moral difference between destroying the farmer's machines and using legislative power to impose a penalty for using them, which would be somewhat analogous to the Potter railroad legislation.

This legislation has all been repealed and the foolish pretensions on which it was based have been abandoned, but it was not repealed until the experiment had actually been made. In other words, it was impossible to stem the tide of Granger folly—just as it has been impossible to stay the silver craze—by argument or by citing the recorded experience of the human race. Now, also, the laborer refuses to be satisfied with argument or with "the theories of the bookmen." He will take no experience but his own, and he is going to see for himself whether destroying machines and burning barns is not a good way of improving the poor man's condition, just as the sturdy silver-man is going to see for himself whether it is not possible to make two coins, one worth ten per cent. less than the other, circulate at par. In fact, the Communistic movement, of which Kearney with his rope for hanging capitalists is the latest apostle, is neither more nor less than an outburst of the experimental spirit in a class which it has not hitherto reached. The more educated and intelligent property-holders began experimenting and preaching that everything was a fair subject for experiment, and that nothing had been settled by experiment forty years ago, and have had the work of experimentation all to themselves during that period. It is not unnatural that Kearney should now pronounce their work a failure and propose to try his hand himself; and if it be observed to him that he will ruin the State with his threats against capitalists, he has the ready answer, which has done so much good service in abler hands than his, that this is a peculiar country, and that, as the late Senator Morton observed in defence of paper inflation, he is "not going to be whistled down the wind by bookmen and theorists." The plan of hanging the well-to-do and burning their houses was, it is true, tried in France without any good results, but that, he may say, does not prove that it would not work well in California, a new and open-minded community, full of great possibilities.

It would be unfair to condemn the experimenters as the cause of some of our present trouble, without saying a word of the extent to which vague preaching about the wrongs of the poor, and vague denunciation of rich men by philanthropic and humane persons animated by the best intentions, have also contributed to it. This preaching and denunciation has gone on for generations without doing any harm, and indeed with some stimulation to the conscience of the rich in countries in which the rich have the government in their hands and mean to keep it. But in our time and country both social speculation as well as the power to embody it in practice have ceased to be confined to parlors and dining-rooms; it has got into the cabins and shanties, and has a look of possibility and reality there it has never had anywhere else. The educated philanthropist who deplores over his roast-beef the enormous accumulations of wealth in the hands of the Vanderbilts and Stewarts, does not mean anything more by it than that these gentlemen ought to make larger donations to charities, and does not trouble himself to work out any plan for having masses of capital managed for the interest of the community better than the Vanderbilts and Stewarts manage theirs. The Kearneys are not so lazy, or so cautious, or so vague. When they say no man ought to have as much money as Vanderbilt they are preparing a plan for making him divide. They are, in fact, men of action rather than of reflection. If their present zeal and activity cause the large body of well-meaning and intelligent men and women who potter over social problems, and talk loosely about the wrongs of the poor and the responsibilities of property-holders, to become more guarded in their language and definite in their aims, and more addicted to working out their plans of reform in detail, they will do a great deal of good.

THE NEED OF A RETREAT FOR PENITENT POLITICIANS.

JUDGE WEST was nominated for the governorship of Ohio last year by the Republicans, and began speaking in the canvass in the middle of the railroad strikes and riots which were then alarming and horri-

lying the country. One of his speeches, and almost the first, was as plain a bid for the sympathy and support of the strikers as could have been made without actually encouraging them to tear up tracks and burn freight-cars and smite mayors on the mouth. He disgusted his own people with his talk, and was, we are glad to say, beaten at the polls. We had hoped that this would have finished him politically, but he has reappeared in the present canvass with amusing audacity; and in a speech, from which we quoted a fortnight since, speaks of the strikes and Communism with horror, and puts all the blame of them on the Democrats, and declares, as we said, with impudent humor, that last year "some of us were for Paul, some for Silas, but mighty few for Christ." Now, if there be one thing more than another which keeps the Republican party from doing its legitimate work and taking its legitimate place, it is the presence and activity in its ranks of demagogues of this kind, and the only way to get rid of them is to follow them from canvass to canvass and from stump to stump with their old disguises and aliases and cries. When they are confronted with their bygone rhetoric they usually look in some other direction, and pretend that "their attention has not been called" to the matter, and then there is sure to be some little "home organ" which appears on the scene and does whatever equivocation and vituperation may be necessary to get the orator out of the scrape. The *Dayton Journal* appears to perform this function for Judge West, and has accordingly come to his rescue about his last year's speech, and declares that the *Nation* has been telling "infamous lies" about the good man. Here is what he said—in the midst of the strikes, be it remembered:

"I probably should tell you who I am and whence I came. I am no railroad officer, and never was [a voice, 'Glad to hear it'], and never will be. [A voice, 'Bravo!'] I hold no railroad bonds or railroad stocks, that my interests be different from those of any other men, and never did. [A voice, 'Bravo!'] I hold no untaxed Government bonds, and I never did, and never expect to. [Laughter.] I hold no bank stock, and never did, and never expect to. [Applause:] and, financially, I expect I am about as impartial between capital and labor as one without finances possibly can be. [Applause, and a voice, 'Will you uphold it?'] I will uphold all that I believe to be right and just between men, and discountenance all that I believe, in my conscience, to be wrong. [Applause.] It has been a habit of my life, the education of my life, to be in sympathy more with the industry of my country than with the capital of my country. [A voice, 'Bravo!'] I chance to be the son of as humble a mechanic as any that stands now before me. I chanced in my early life to receive my early education at the forge, blowing the bellows and wielding the sledge. [Applause.] I have no war to wage upon any class, upon any race, upon any sect, upon any grade, or upon any color, save and except in so far as they do wrong in violation of the laws of God and the laws of man. [Applause.]"

The object of this talk was plain, namely, to excite odium against persons owning bank stock or Government bonds or railroad securities—or, in other words, the frugal and industrious class—and persuade the strikers that they would be quite justified in not heeding anything they might say on the relations between labor and capital. But here is how Judge West's organ interprets it:

"His denial that he either owned bank stock or Government bonds was not for the purpose of demonstrating that he was in sympathy with communism, but to show that the working classes had no right to regard him their enemy on any such ground. His idea was plain to those who heard and understood him—namely, that he had no means for such investments, or that he preferred to use his money otherwise."

That is, the working classes "had no right to regard him their enemy" on any such ground, but they might freely so regard others; and then "the poor boy" who began life at the forge "had no means for such investments," or if he had, "preferred to use his money otherwise"—we suppose in village water-works and in establishing hospitals for superannuated mechanics.

He then proceeded to solve the labor problem, and here is his plan:

"I promised, however, to occupy but a moment of time, and I shall keep my word; but I desire to say, my fellow-citizens, to you a word only upon a subject which I know is uppermost in the minds and in the hearts of most of you. It is that the industry of our country shall be so regarded that labor shall at least receive that compensation which shall be the support and sustenance of the laborer. [Applause.] I do not know how it may certainly be brought about. I know the difficulties, I know the embarrassments, I know how insurmountable are the obstructions in the way of any equal or proper adjustment of the relations between those who labor and those who furnish the means and opportunities to labor. But if I had the power I would try one experiment, at least. I would prohibit the great railroad corporations, the great thoroughfares of business and trade, from so reducing their rates by ruinous competition as to disable themselves from paying a just compensation to their operators. [Cries of 'Good' and applause.] I would go further and try

the experiment—but I do not know that it would succeed; I would arrange and fix a minimum of prices for all who labor in the mines and upon the railroads, and then require an account of all the net receipts and proceeds of the capital invested: the laborer at the end of the year should, in addition to his fixed compensation, receive a certain per cent. of the profits. [Applause, and cries of 'That is the man!'] Then, if the profits were insufficient to compensate you as liberally as you could otherwise desire, bear with your employers a portion of the loss. [A voice, 'Certainly!'] But if their receipts be sufficient to make a division, we would in God's name let the laborer, who is worthy of his hire, share a portion of the profits. [Applause.]"

The worthy jurist announced, in fact, that if he had the power he would compel the railroad companies and mines to charge rates high enough to pay a minimum rate of wages to their laborers, without regard to the market demand for their commodities, or to the interests of their creditors, or to the market supply of labor; and of course neither he nor his audience was simple enough to suppose that if this scheme were carried out with regard to mines and railroads there would be any good reason for not extending it to all factories and, in fact, to all fields of industry. The Government would be forced to fix the prices of all goods high enough to enable the manufacturers to pay what the laborer and his demagogues, like Judge West, chose to pronounce "a just compensation." We repeat that this solution of the labor problem is, in its folly and unreasonableness, what one might expect from a tramp full of stolen chicken and whiskey, musing by his evening fire over the evils of our social state. Now listen to the organ's explanation of it all:

"Nor did he demand the legal regulation of the wages of railway employees, or of operatives of any kind, but merely suggested that it might be wise to endeavor to solve the labor agitation by studying the matter carefully with a view to legislation that would protect all interests equitably."

A man who talked as Judge West talked at such a crisis, last year, is a person whose opinions on public questions are worthless, either because he has no judgment or discretion or knowledge, or because he is not honest. Whichever horn of the dilemma the judge prefers, his place during the present canvass, and during many canvasses to come, is the privacy of his office. If he appears on the stump at all, it ought to be in the ranks of the Nationalists or the Kearneyites. The Republican party cannot afford the advocacy of a "poor boy" who thinks the Government ought to fix a minimum of charges for producers and a minimum of wages for laborers.

The judge's case brings more prominently than ever to the notice of the public the need of some temporary asylum or retreat for politicians who have made a mistake in calculating "how the cat is going to jump," to which they could retire until the matter was forgotten and they found heart and courage to face once more the hard realities of life without, to use their own language, "going back on themselves" publicly. The Catholic Church, with its keen appreciation of the wants and weaknesses of human nature, has made its convents, or a good many of them, refuges of this kind, to which in Continental Europe it is very common for ladies and gentlemen who have been giving themselves too freely to the world, the flesh, and the devil to betake themselves for a few months of prayer and penitence and meditation. By the time they issue forth again, even if their natures have not wholly changed, their scandals and excesses have been forgotten, and it is comparatively easy for them, if they find they have strength for it, to enter on a new course with better companions and purer aims. Some such refuge from the mocking gaze of the world for blundering politicians is one of the great needs of our country—some place where a man who has degraded himself grossly in a vain attempt to find out what the majority were bent on, or who has been caught in clumsily-concealed rascality, might lay himself up in seclusion until the public attention was fixed on some other offender. Europe has served this purpose to some, but Europe is far off and expensive. The bulk of the unfortunates have no resource but to turn right round under the public eye, eat their own words, and make a miserable and always futile pretence of having been always shocked by their own performances. They smile when they are doing it, bustle about and talk with a loud, hearty voice; but they have all the while death in their souls, as the French say. Others again seek peace in waving "the bloody shirt," like Mr. Schuyler Colfax, and threatening to make it "hot under the old flag" for the Confederate brigadiers; but this, too, is but sorry balm for the wounded spirit. One hour of silence and seclusion would be worth a year of these prancings as a mode of moral fortification. What they need is an island on the broad bosom of some American lake, like that which Mr. Jay Cooke provided for the ministers when he was selling the Northern Pacific bonds,

where the noise of the political arena would never reach them, where no temptation to turn themselves inside out on short notice would ever assail them, and where such of them as were "poor boys," like Judge West, could again grasp the sledge of their youth and make music on the old anvil.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—I.

PARIS, June 23, 1878.

THE material part of the Exhibition has not much, I must confess, that interests me. I have seen too many Exhibitions. They all resemble each other: the last surpasses the preceding in size, and there is the end of it. The scientific man who follows the progress of science has little to learn of them; an observatory will always be more interesting to an astronomer, a laboratory to a chemist, a hospital to a doctor, a dissecting-room to a physiologist, a mountain to a geologist. I should prefer to see the big Creuzot hammer, which can fashion the shafts of the largest steam-engines and gently crack a nut as well, rather than its silent and motionless copy. The life of a manufacture, its thousand wheels, its thousand men and women, are more interesting than this "Galerie du Travail," where a few engines are kept at work for the ignorant Parisian, and where he can see a piece of soap pressed under his eyes or a diamond cut or a hat brushed by machinery. To besure all these things collected can make an effect on the popular mind and impress it with a holy respect for industry; but what is an Exhibition taken as a whole?—a gigantic bazaar, an endless succession of shops. Now, I doubt if any artificial succession of this kind can vie with the natural exhibition which can be found at all times on the Boulevards and in the streets of Paris. There you have variety—the variety of real life; the bookseller comes after the jeweller; the milliner, the draper, the confectioner, all in turn speak to your senses or to your imagination. The Parisians have a word which describes the feelings which are induced by this easy and daily review: "flâner" is to walk leisurely and give half your attention to a constant variety of colors and forms.

I would not, however, advise a true Parisian to sulk and to disdain the Exhibition. Let him take a cab, if he finds one, and go towards the two towers of the Trocadéro, which rise like Oriental minarets in the blue sky. He approaches; he sees a middle palace, a sort of large theatre with two long wings which embrace, like two arms, the sides of the hill. Few remember why this hill is called the Trocadéro: it is on account of a victory—a very easy victory, I believe—obtained by the Duc d'Angoulême under the Restoration, when the French armies made an intervention in Spain. Till lately this Trocadéro hill, which marks a turning of the Seine, formed a deserted plaza between the quarter of the Arc de Triomphe and Passy. The site is charming; Napoleon at one time thought of building on the crest of the hill a palace for the Roi de Rome; Napoleon III. had the whole side of the hill covered with a large and gigantic staircase, which was not without a sort of solemn grandeur.

I enter; I hand my ticket to a guard (the French have adopted the word ticket since the Exposition opened—they call it *tiqet*); I go under a colonnade and find myself before the Seine and its numerous bridges. On both sides are the trees of the garden of the Tuileries and of the *quais*; the dome of the Invalides shines joyously in the sun. The Palace, built in iron on the immense plaza of the Champ-de-Mars, which covers the industrial part of the Exhibition, is painted in many colors; with its queer cupolas, its painted glass, and its diverse hues, it resembles some gigantic insect. This Palace, which will be destroyed, has a curious sort of beauty: it is original, it spoke to my imagination; it has a gay aspect, and it is rational. The Palace of the Trocadéro, which, alas! will not be destroyed, is a monster of size and ugliness. It made me think of an insect with a tremendous belly and two long and thin arms. The round theatre which forms its centre seems to be built on water, as you see cascades come out of its foundations—very meagre cascades, to be sure, little to be compared to the famous waters of St. Cloud and of Versailles. I felt a kind of oppression when I went down the slope of the Trocadéro; I suddenly found myself before a golden rhinoceros of full size. The horrible animal stared me in the face. I had heard of the Golden Calf; now we have a golden rhinoceros. (This rhinoceros is one of four gilt statues of aquatic animals which guard the cascade.) "Thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves: they have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them: they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, These be thy gods, O Israel." This rhinoceros was, I must confess, a great shock to my nerves, and I thought of

my "stiff-necked people," and, seeing the wanderers of the whole universe before me, I could not but dwell on the old book of Genesis, and in a moment of dizziness this huge Trocadéro, with its towers, appeared to me like a new Tower of Babel: "Therefore is the name of it called Babel, because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

I confess that the moral aspects of the Exhibition are, to me, the most interesting; we see, as it were, the Tower of Babel before the separation of men. They live and eat and drink side by side for a few days; but do they know each other, and will their language not remain confounded? What comes out of these great meetings of men? Where is the moral, the religious or philosophical gain? These questions perplex me; I am afraid that these Exhibitions are only a short truce in the perpetual struggle of nations; they are an *entracte*. Let those enjoy them who can. These Exhibitions of the wealth, of the industry, of the genius of humanity seem to me to be wanting in something; they break the routine of millions of lives; but after you have taken a human molecule out of its ordinary element, and thrown it, undefended, among thousands of unknown molecules, how will it return contented to its natural condition? A journey among mountains and lakes cannot do any harm to man; it brings him nearer to the great Unknown, it makes him feel his own vanity; but the lesson coming from the calm voice of nature is not the lesson coming from the pride of humanity, revelling in its own wealth, like a young Potemkin who plays with diamonds. I may be mistaken, but I do not believe that such exhibitions as that of the presents received in India by the Prince of Wales during his journey can be made without rousing many slumbering thoughts in the minds of men. We live here in a city where, only a few years ago, fine old palaces were put to the flames by an infuriated populace headed by lawyers, writers, and journalists. Paris has conquered, though it was vanquished; it has forced the Republic upon the monarchical Assembly of Versailles. Paris is the laboratory where old traditions, old ideas, old prejudices are constantly volatilized; and it is certainly a very curious sight to see the princes and kings of Europe come into the centre of volatilization, as flies get burned in a candle.

Large sums of money were voted by the House of Deputies for the President and his ministers, in order that they might give entertainments to foreigners of distinction during the Exhibition. Every day there is an official dinner, every night an official concert or ball, in some of the fine palaces where our ministers live. There is no great party now without some illuminations after dinner in the gardens; electric light is made to play on statues; the Tziganes, who are the Hungarian band of the Exhibition, are made generally to play, and their music is really inspiring. The ministers forget in the evening the cares of state, and pay their court to the princes. Nothing can be more interesting in a certain sense than the reunions at which a Freycinet (who was Gambetta's right-hand man during the war, and who has been elected a Senator for Paris at Gambetta's instance) is seen with the Duke of Aosta or the Comte de Flandre. I saw with my own eyes Gambetta presented to the Prince of Wales. The great kings and emperors of Europe have not yet come themselves, but they have been preceded by a host of princes royal and imperial. It is not always easy to settle all the difficulties arising from the presence of so many princes. What will a poor minister do, especially a republican minister, who has learnt to despise all questions of etiquette, when in the same evening he has to receive Queen Isabella of Spain; her husband, Don Francesco di Assisi, ex-King of Spain; the Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain under the name of Amadeo, and Don Carlos? Our French princes, who are perfectly willing to waive all questions of etiquette with Frenchmen, can hardly do so with foreign princes. In the eyes of the French they have assumed the position of citizens; in the eyes of their brothers and cousins of Europe they cannot do the same. I saw at the time of the first visit of the Shah of Persia a card thus conceived: "His Excellency Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, President of the Republic, has the honor to invite His Royal Highness the Duke of —, Deputy of the Department of —, General Commandant of the —, to meet His Majesty the Shah of Persia."

This card represented truly the situation; we had then a most extraordinary mixture of royalism and republicanism. The Marshal did not know whether he was a President or a Duke of Magenta; whether he had the honor or had the pleasure to invite his guests. The Shah was a majesty, a republican deputy was a royal highness, and so on. We are not yet out of this confusion, though we have a Constitution and a Republic. Our Republic means to be *aimable*. She has the manners of a courtier;

she behaves like a man who has for the first time people at his table whom he never expected to see. Many blunders are committed, of course, but they are very trifling; the Republicans are, after all, in their rôle in trying to show that they can behave themselves. Whether the séions of monarchy are in their rôle is another thing. They give all the prestige of their presence to a system which they would not like to see tried at home. France is such a burning focus of civilization, of ideas, of manners that it can hardly be expected that the republican experiment, if it proves successful, will remain long confined within our limits.

I will remark another trait of the present situation. As I am dealing now with the moral aspects of the Exposition, I am obliged to say that the upper classes of France are totally absent from it. You will meet any number of princes and archdukes in the official salons; you will see there around them all the official society, but nothing more. The "world" has made a strike, just as it did so long under the Empire of Napoleon III. I do not attach an undue importance to this fact; I know that the opposition of *distance* has no political value. Isolation is fatal; it lowers the standard of ideas. A long isolation has brought the Legitimist party where it now is; still, I have never refused my regard and my respect for the sentiments which have determined this isolation. Loyalty and fidelity are such fine things that they must be admired at all times. The time-servers and turn-coats who always go with the tide are the most prominent figures in revolutionary times. Let us reserve a little regard for the men who, having failed in their efforts, refuse to give the sanction of their good names to ideas which they disapprove at heart, and who can keep a dignified silence amid the universal applause which always follows success. The psychological moment seems to have passed when all the living forces of France, the forces of the past as well as of the present, could have been directed together to some great national aim. We shall again, I am afraid, have two peoples in one people. A new order of things has begun; it is not the stern, the severe, the austere Republic; we have the amiable Republic, revelling in pomp and wealth, with a court of princes and kings, dazzling with electric light; a scientific Republic, which can build new cities like Orpheus, cut boulevards quicker than Haussmann. Our funds will soon be as high as the consols; money is flowing in rivers. Our army is the largest in Europe, but we mean to be very pacific; we shall celebrate all sorts of "fêtes du travail" and of centenaires. We have a great poet who has a tune for every day. The old bard will tell us which are the saints and gods of the day. "Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles."

Correspondence.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every one, whether a friend of paper currency or hard money, must have enjoyed the thorough setting-down which Gen. Butler gave the ridiculous young bloods of the Coaching Club in his Newburyport "greenback" speech of July 4. It was so neat and pointed that I am sure you can afford space to print it:

"Let me give you an illustration, because it is a beautiful thing in this free country of ours. Have any of you ever heard of the Tally-ho Club in New York? It is composed, I think—I may not rightly give the number, because they never have invited me to any one of their entertainments, but I think they have ten four or six-horse coaches, and they drive on the road between two palatial hotels a coach with a fine-looking man sitting up behind with a tin horn—I believe, in this case, it is a brass bugle—for what? Who are they? They are all young men of great wealth, of great literary culture, with all the advantages of the colleges. All of them are men who have no employment on earth, but plenty of income to live on, and the only thing they can find to do is to play coachmen day by day for the fun of the thing. They toil not, neither do they spin! [Laughter.] They are men of a class that is growing up in this country, and that in my judgment—and you may put this down against me—ought to be squelched [applause]—men who have nothing to do on earth, and do it every day. [Laughter.] It ought not to be, and it is not reputable in this country for a man to have no regular, steady employment for the good of his fellow-men. And the more money he has, the more responsibility he has to employ that money in investments and in enterprises for the good of his race, and any man that ought and don't do that, workingmen ought to vote a law to make him do some honest work. He is the worst kind of a tramp [laughter and applause]—a tramp from choice and not from necessity; and if I had my way, and if I had the power in the city of New York, as I once had for a short time [laughter], I would set that class of men to doing exactly what they have shown they are fitted for—to drive a Broadway coach from six in the morning till nine in the evening, so they would have enough of playing coachmen."

Now, all this is both good and true and witty. It will make the old hero of New Orleans hosts of friends among those who despise such nonsense. Unhappily for me, being already an ardent political admirer of his, I am pained in this matter to notice an absence of logic in the General. I never saw a "Tally-ho" coach, but I live on the sea-shore and do see a great many yachts; and, being a poor man myself, the sight of a bloated amateur yachtsman playing sailor in a blue cap with a gold band, and a brass-buttoned coat, stirs my bile, much as the "Tally-ho" coaches do glorious, bluff old Ben's. This is what troubles me. There is a yacht called the *America*, which sails by my house oftener than any other, and it belongs to the General. Why don't he denounce amateur sailing as well as amateur stage-driving? Some of us poor men hate them both. Let us see how it would read:

"Have any of you ever heard of the New York Yacht Club? It is composed, I think—I may not rightly give the number, because they never have invited me to any one of their entertainments, but I think they have ten sloops or schooners, and they sail on the bay in front of palatial hotels a vessel with a fine-looking man standing at the wheel—I believe, in this case, it is a brass-mounted wheel—for what? Who are they? They are all men of great wealth, of great literary culture, with all the advantages of the colleges. All of them are men who have plenty of income to live on, and the only thing they can find to do is to play sailor day by day for the fun of the thing. They toil not, neither do they spin! They are men of a class who are growing up in this country, and that in my judgment—and you may put this down against me—ought to be squelched [applause]—men who have nothing to do on earth, and do it every day. And if I had my way, and if I had the power in the city of New York, as I once had for a short time, I would set that class of men to doing exactly what they have shown they are fitted for—to sail a fishing-smack from six in the morning to nine in the evening, so they would have enough of playing sailor."

General Butler defines a "Greenbacker" as "a man who is dissatisfied." I am confoundedly dissatisfied every time I see the *America*, with that "fine-looking man" at the "brass-mounted wheel," sail by my door. I want new political parties, and new leaders, and a new platform. The first plank in my new platform I want to be in these words: "Resolved, That the sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander"; and I want the candidates on my platform to live right up to that plank. Just now even bluff, grim old "greenback" Ben don't seem quite to do it.

ONE OF THE GREAT DISSATISFIED.

BOSTON, July 9, 1878.

SUFFRAGE IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I rejoin a word to yours of yesterday in reference to the subject-matter of mine of last week? You forcibly distinguish between the government, and its purposes, of a city and those of a nation, showing that they may wisely rest on widely different principles. In this connection I wish to remind you of the wide difference in the political status of the inhabitants of Washington and those of New York. An inhabitant of New York is a citizen of the State, enjoying every right and function of the citizens of that State, in which capacity he can take part in the government of his city. An inhabitant of Washington is a citizen of no State, and can in no way influence the government of his city. Indeed, Washington is possibly the only city in the world whose governors are by fundamental law compelled to be foreigners, and can by no possibility be citizens of it.

R.

WASHINGTON, July 12.

THE INTERNAL-REVENUE AMENDMENT BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This bill, long debated in Congress and finally killed by amendments in the last days of the session, has been less discussed in the papers than many other measures not more important; probably because from its diversified and technical characteristics it is more difficult of comprehension. But since it must come up as "unfinished business" at the opening of the next session it ought to be well considered between now and then.

The bill is forty pages long. As it came from the Committee of Ways and Means its general scope and object were the strengthening of some weak points in the revenue system, and the smoothing down of some harshnesses which gall taxpayers in little ways without corresponding benefit to the Government, e.g.:

1. Provision for some contingencies in the official positions, relations, and duties of collectors and other officers of internal revenue, and the liability of their bondsmen.
2. Relieving persons from special taxes (license fees) who are only

technically liable thereto: as, for instance, persons who have taken spirits or tobacco in payment of debt, and, selling the goods all in one lot, should not be forced to pay a year's license for so doing.

3. Enforcing the collection of tax on fractions of gallons of spirits, instead of on only whole gallons as heretofore.

4. Relieving distillers from certain assessments which fall upon them unawares, through technical errors (of their own or of the Government officers), committed while paying tax in full and trying in good faith to obey the law in all its intricacies.

5. Providing that tobacco may be manufactured under bond and the manufactured product exported without payment of tax. Also, in another section, that spirits may be made into perfumery for export under similar conditions.

6. Relieving imported tobacco-cuttings from payment of internal-revenue tax in addition to the customs duties.

7. Extending the time within which old adhesive stamps may be presented for redemption.

8. Relieving exporters of spirits and tobacco from the expense of export stamps.

9. Last, but not least, I may mention a merciful provision which affects a larger and more unfortunate class of persons than any other part of the bill. It is a section which ordains that Government taxes owed by any bank shall be abated in case the bank fails, so far as their collection would go to lessen the dividends receivable by depositors. These taxes are one-half per centum per annum on capital and deposits and one per centum per annum on circulation. The amount now claimed by the Government from receivers and assignees of bankrupt banks varies in the various cases from a few dollars to a few thousands, but does not probably reach fifty thousand dollars of collectable money in all. It is scattered over the whole country, in the hands of a hundred or more receivers and assignees of bankrupt concerns, and is, like all Government claims, a first or preferred lien on all the assets of the insolvent estate. The injured and angry depositors naturally wince at this imperative demand, and Congress at its next session will be assailed with petitions protesting against it. "Hands off," they cry; "the bank owed you money, but we are not the bank. We are not bankers, and never were. The concern is dead, and we are not its heirs, but its creditors. You should have collected your tax from the institution you taxed; you should not now demand the sum from us, who are innocent third parties. Our money was private property not subject to bank taxation, and we did not make it so liable by depositing it in the concern that has swindled both you and us. It was and is a trust fund; ours and not yours is the prior claim. Some of the banks were savings-banks by name; all contained our hard-earned savings. Many of them were banks of your especial creation, and were periodically inspected by your bank-examiners, whose certification of their soundness was one of the circumstances that misled us into making them our trustees. For you now to go on and take our money is robbery. It is adding insult to injury."

Bad law, but good popular logic. Of course if this were the law, under the statutes and practice as they stand the depositors would look for relief to the courts and not to Congress. It is not law, but they ask that it shall be made law by statute; and now, as things are, in view of the existing tendency towards "easing up" the pressure of war taxation, it seems that this particular hard grip on a sore place ought to be loosened. The insolvent-bank exemption clause was stricken out by something like a party vote. Most of the Democrats voted against the measure, but not all. Some of the more thoughtful and independent (Hewitt, Wood, and Beebe, of New York, among others) stood out in favor of extending this grace to an unfortunate and suffering lot of the most frugal and industrious portion of their fellow-citizens.

What killed the bill? The fatal blow came in the shape of an amendment reducing the tax on tobacco and cigars. This was not a mere smoothing of rough places and strengthening of weak points, such as the bill was originally designed to effect, but was a movement for a radical change in the revenue system. It would cut off at once some millions from the Government income, whereas by the whole of the original bill only a few paltry, uncertain, and hard-wrung thousands were abandoned. Whether right or wrong, wise or foolish, the tobacco reduction was not, in any true sense, germane to the measure.

It is to be hoped that in December the Senate will rehabilitate the bill into something like its original shape and pass it, and that the House will acquiesce, leaving the advocates of tobacco-tax reduction to introduce and press that measure on its own merits. JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

CHICAGO, July 12, 1878.

THE PARTITION OF TURKEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is refreshing, and I think salutary, to read your unconventional remarks on the august but burglarious conclave of Berlin.

There can be little doubt that, besides the secret agreements which have already been sprung on this high moral tribunal, there is yet another in existence. The future division of spoil in the direction of Syria is evidently the subject of some understanding between England and France, entered into behind the back of Turkey, from whom England has just taken Cyprus as the price of a defensive alliance concluded for the protection of all Turkey's Asiatic possessions.

Perpetual homilies are preached by European moralists about the state of opinion on the democratic side of the Atlantic. Assuredly we are very far from perfection; yet here a small community can at all events repose by the side of a large one free from any fear of aggression or intrigue. Perhaps this immunity is as satisfactory in itself, and as strong a proof of the ascendancy of "public law," as the meeting of a "European Arcopagus" to which none are admitted but the representatives of brute force, and to which each Arcopagite comes with a mask on his face, a revolver in his pocket, and a lie in his right hand.

That general morality has greatly advanced in Europe since the middle of the seventeenth century cannot be doubted; but it may be doubted whether at the time of the Treaty of Westphalia diplomatic villany was greater or more unabashed than it is now.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, July 13.

THE RUMANIANS AND THE JEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 4 a paragraph is devoted to the Jews in Rumania, in the course of which you say that the persecutions to which the Jews have been subjected are

"due mainly to the fact that the Jews have long been the only portion of the population engaged in trade and money-lending, and have practised usury both in giving credit and making loans to a degree unknown elsewhere, and only possible among a purely agricultural peasantry and an extravagant and idle upper class. The extent to which they had put the community literally under bonds would appear incredible in the West if the figures were known, and the fury against them is that of the 'debtor class' against 'Shylocks' and 'gold sharks.'"

Permit me to quote, in defence of the Rumanian Jews, two paragraphs from a letter which appeared in the *London Times* of June 3, from the pen of Rev. A. Löwy, Secretary of the Anglo-Jewish Association:

"On the plea that the Jews are aliens, the one hundred and fifty-seven deputies of the Rumanian Chamber, fifty-eight of whom represent *bourgeoisie* and the merchants' class pure and simple, passed laws which deprived them of one business pursuit after another, which forbade Jews the farming of arable lands, the trafficking in spirituous liquors, and the military service, and while he was expected in case of need to sacrifice his life for the liberty of his native country, no hope was held out to him that the members of his family would be permitted to participate in any of the benefits of that liberty which the soldier has to defend with his life.

"The exceptions made in favor of naturalization are often rendered nugatory through bureaucratic difficulties which are thrown in the way of the Jews; but they sink altogether into insignificance when it is considered that the bulk of the Jewish population, on being treated as strangers in their native land, must inevitably incur the neglect and the ill-treatment of the entire uneducated portion of their fellow-countrymen. The lamentable results of the illiberal legislation of Rumania have been incessantly noticed in the public press of every civilized country."

I am informed by gentlemen of high official position in Bucharest that the Jews do not by any means control money-lending interests in Rumania, although their industry and business tact are recognized by native Rumanians of other creeds with much chagrin. What the Germans call *Brodnick*, rather than religious fanaticism, is perhaps at the basis of these repeated persecutions. The remedy is very simple: let the Jews become idle, effeminate, luxurious, like most of their neighbors in Bucharest.

A. S. ISAACS.

New York, July 12, 1878.

[We print the above without seeing what new light it throws on the matter. We ourselves gave an account of the persecution to which the Jews had been subjected, and described it as "ferocious." If Mr. Isaacs had given the names of "the gentlemen in high official position in Bucharest," and the figures on which their as-

sessions are based, it would have been more to the purpose. As matters stand we take leave to adhere to our position. ED. NATION.]

Notes.

THE Scots' Charitable Society of Boston has published an interesting volume commemorating its long career. It took its rise in the agreement of twenty-seven benevolent Scotsmen, Jan. 6, 1657, "to make a box" for their countrymen, the charity being restricted to "residents in ye Province of ye Massachusetts Bay and to transients in misfortune." The Society was incorporated in 1786, and has continued its good works ever since, owning now a Temporary Home and a lot at Mt. Auburn, and having a Woman's Auxiliary Board. Extracts from the records, which have been preserved from the beginning, with the constitution and by-laws, lists of members, etc., make a record of considerable antiquarian value. The press-work, from the Scotch establishment of John Wilson & Son, is irreproachable.—The fourth edition of Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin's 'Mount Desert, on the Coast of Maine' (Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon) is still the most tasteful of guide-books in its typography and its charming photographic vignettes.—The Appalachian Mountain Club reminds the travelling public of the great service it has rendered them by constructing paths and shelters and opening new views in the White Mountains, and asks for contributions, large or small, to a fund for the more rapid prosecution of its labors, which include an accurate map. We hope neither few nor niggardly remittances will be made to the Treasurer, Mr. H. F. Walling, 102 Chauncey Street, Boston.—The fifteenth annual report of the Long Island Historical Society announces that the plans for its new building have been approved, and that the construction will now proceed. Mr. H. P. Johnson's 'Campaign of 1776 in and around New York and Brooklyn' is on the eve of publication.—The annual report of the condition and progress of Yale College shows a general prosperity and an important increase in the funds available for the pay of instructors; but we regret to observe that the permanent professors of the Sheffield Scientific School have been obliged to reduce their salaries. The elective experiment appears to justify itself, and examinations for admission will be held at Chicago for the third time and at Cincinnati for the first time this year. The final examinations of the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, are accepted in lieu of the college examinations for admission, but with precautions.—Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale, sailed on Saturday for a year's absence in Europe, the immediate occasion of the journey being the publication of a Sanskrit grammar, as part of Breitkopf & Härtel's 'Bibliothek indogermanischer Grammatiken.' The other co-laborers are E. Sievers, H. Hübschmann, G. Meyer, F. Bücheler, E. Windisch, and A. Leskien, the first and the last contributing two volumes to the series.—Mr. W. Skeat, the *Athenæum* announces, is engaged upon an etymological dictionary of the English language, to fill four volumes, the first appearing next winter.—Mr. Christern sends us the first number of the *Allgemeines Journal-Repertorium* (Berlin: Gustav A. Seyler), a weekly classified index to articles of permanent value in German newspapers and periodicals, book-reviews excepted.—An International Women's Rights Congress opens on the 25th instant at Paris, with MM. Victor Schœlcher and Eugène Pelletan at the head of the *Commission d'initiative*, which contains also representatives from Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Russia, and the United States—Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Livermore among the last-named. There will be historic, pedagogy, economic, moral, and legislative sections.—The subscription in aid of the family of John Wilson Barron, treasurer of the savings-bank at Dexter, Maine, who preferred to die rather than to open the cash-box of his safe to burglars, has not been proportionate to the rare heroism and loyalty of his sacrifice. Mr. Francis W. Palfrey, 13 Exchange Street, Boston, is authorized by the Dexter banks to receive offerings of any size. We hope the fund will at least meet the exigencies of the case. The banks of the country have failed to contribute their share of it, which is sufficiently discreditable; but they ought really to establish a common insurance or pension fund to keep their employees faithful, and repair as far as possible all loss or suffering incurred in the defence of their property.

—Some time since, General Richard Taylor published in the *North American Review* a "charge" to the effect that Lincoln had compelled Grant to attack Richmond by a line not recommended by military advantages, which Grant told him in advance would result in needless sac-

rifice and slaughter. The story was at once indignantly denied by General Grant, but in denying it the latter introduced what in the literature of "charges" is known as a new "element," the "element" being Mr. Gideon Welles, late ex-Secretary of the Navy, whom he accused of endorsing the story on which General Taylor's allegation rested. In doing so, however, he overlooked a third "element" in the shape of Mr. Edgar T. Welles, Mr. Gideon Welles's son, who has come forward to open an "issue of veracity" on the subject. In the first place, he shows by quotations from the magazine in which his father's article had appeared that General Grant has been wilfully misrepresenting what he said, for he never endorsed the story at all, but "repelled" it as a libel on the memory of Lincoln. But not content with this, Mr. Edgar T. Welles re-opens another issue concerning the promise said to have been given in 1868 by Grant to Andrew Johnson, that he would turn over the War Department to him if he gave it up himself. This promise he supports by extracts from his father's diary (hitherto unpublished), in which it appears that when the promise was violated by General Grant by his turning over the office to Stanton, he was taxed with this perfidy by Mr. Johnson, on which he tried to explain his action, "stammered and hesitated," and finally slunk out of the room quite abashed. From this it will be seen that the great secret of political controversy—that of never allowing yourself to be put on the defensive—is by no means unknown to Mr. Edgar T. Welles. If General Grant is going to run in 1880 he will have to meet this charge.

—The July-August number of the *North American* contains more solid articles than any of its predecessors under Mr. Rice's management. The first paper, by Mr. Francis Parkman, discusses the "Failure of Universal Suffrage" in a way to make several of our greatest statesmen and thinkers rise from their graves and squeak and gibber in posthumous caucus at the audacity which permits one American to write and another to publish such an article. Here is "the people," whom three generations have been taught to respect as the source of power and the sum of all wisdom and virtue, called all sorts of names, "the mob," "vultures," a "proletariat," and so on, while his chosen representatives, his aldermen, his common councilmen, his assemblymen are set down as "brutes," "knaves," "fools," "abject flatterers, vicious councillors, and greedy plunderers." Most of what Mr. Parkman says has been often said in private before, but not until recently has it appeared in print; as indeed it is not respectful to talk of the Sovereign in public in the way in which Mr. Parkman does. The article would, we fear, ruin the author's and the editor's chances in a canvass for any high office, but it nevertheless contains a great deal of truth, and suggests a curious and interesting question which we should be glad to see somebody undertake to answer in another article. There is no doubt that, so far as the government goes in this country, we are very badly off, and it can be mathematically demonstrated that if it is not improved in some way we shall all go to rack and ruin; on the other hand, there is no doubt that the country has made in the past, and is even amid the present depression now making, enormous advances, not merely materially but morally and intellectually as well; that there is year after year a larger amount of wealth devoted to education, to religion, and to charity; that year after year more and more graduates are turned out by our best colleges; that year after year the learned professions are filled with a greater and greater throng. There is no branch of civilization in which the country has not since the war made enormous progress. Now, does this progress warrant us in yielding to that optimism which has always been a great characteristic of American life, or are we probably doomed to become all pessimists by seeing our fairest hopes blasted? Mr. Parkman ridicules American optimism as a part of our disease, and one of the reasons why no improvement is possible. But is there any reason for it, or are we all on the road to perdition, willy-nilly? Mr. Parkman's article will incline the reader to think that we are. We commend the subject to the magazines.

—Mr. W. B. Lawrence contributes a somewhat discursive article on the international obligations of the United States, and an "Evolutionist" advertises for a "new religion." He goes over the ground trodden by Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, and Tyndall, and shows that the day of the Christian religion is over, and lays down the *sine qua non* of the new religion that is to take its place. The article is a witty one, and reads as if it were by Mr. Laurence Oliphant. Mr. Edward L. Pierce returns to the Sumner-Fish controversy in "A Senator's Fidelity Vindicated," and completely disposes of the old charge that Mr. Sumner delayed public business in committee and failed to report treaties, and that this was the cause of his dismissal from the Foreign Affairs Committee. He also

deals with a new charge brought forward by Mr. Bancroft Davis, Mr. Fish's former Assistant Secretary of State, in the *Herald*. The new accusation is not that Mr. Sumner "pigeon-holed" treaties, but that he "did not move forward the treaties and secure the Senate's action upon them." Mr. Pierce shows that this is an entirely new charge, never made by any one before; points out that, as the Senators who promoted the removal were sorely pressed for reasons distinct from the San Domingo issue, they would have been glad to seize upon any such ground had there been any pretext for it, yet not a word was said on the subject. He also brings forward letters from a number of Mr. Sumner's colleagues which show that it had no existence. With regard to the memorandum of January 17, 1871, suggesting that in the settlement between Great Britain and this country the abandonment of Canada should be considered a condition precedent, Mr. Pierce shows conclusively that it had no effect on the action of the Senate whatever; that no Senator ever heard of it; that the Senators who voted for removal were not any better disposed to England than was Mr. Sumner, e.g., Mr. "Zack" Chandler, who was very zealous against him, and who at the same time declared in 1869 that "the sixty thousand veteran soldiers of Michigan will take the contract to take possession of the Canadas within thirty days." As he says, Mr. Chandler voting to remove Mr. Sumner for desiring only a peaceful acquisition, with the full consent of England and of Canada also, would have been an interesting spectacle. Mr. Pierce, in fine, wishes to know who the nameless "leading Senators" to whom Mr. Fish made known the memorandum were—a secret kept for seven years, and now first revealed by Mr. Davis. Sir Garnet Wolseley has a valuable article on the "Native Army of India."

—The first article in the July number of the *Princeton Review* is entitled "Exploration as Verifying Revelation." The writer, Prof. J. L. Porter, of Assembly's College, Belfast, is known, but we cannot say favorably known, by his book of Palestine exploration, the 'Giant Cities of Bashan.' We shall give but a single proof of his utter incompetency to treat the subject undertaken for the *Review*. He begins with the Chaldean account of the creation, and his translation of the important tablet containing it he takes from Mr. Fox Talbot, a notoriously rash and untrustworthy authority. It reads:

"Every month without fail he made holy assembly days. . . .
On the seventh day he appointed a holy day,
And to cease from all work he commanded."

But a really competent scholar, George Smith, translates these very lines as follows:

"That the month be not broken, and in its amount be regular. . . .
On the seventh day he [the moon] to a circle begins to swell,
And stretches toward the dawn further."

Professor Porter's choice between these contrary versions was apparently dictated by his desire to "verify" the seventh day of rest. That he was not ignorant of the latter translation is shown by the fact that he quotes on the next page from Smith's own comment on it. He proceeds to find "in one of the Assyrian tablets" an account of the revolution in heaven in which Satan and his angels fell. Here he has recourse to Fox Talbot again. We quote the "beautiful and striking words":

"The Divine Being spoke three times, the commencement of a psalm.
The God of holy songs, religion, and worship
Seeded a thousand singers and musicians, and established a choral band
Who to his hymn were to respond in multitudes.
With a loud cry of contempt they broke up his holy song,
Spelling, confusing, confounding his hymn of praise.
The God of the bright crown, with a wish to summon his adherents,
Sounded a trumpet-blast which would wake the dead,
Which to those rebel angels prohibited return.
He stopped the service, and sent them to the gods who were his enemies.
In their room he created mankind.
The first who received life dwelt along with him.
May he give him strength never to neglect his word.
Following the serpent's voice whom his hands had made."

Two pages of the *Review* are devoted to showing how wonderfully this tablet verifies Job, and Jude, and II. Peter, and Revelation. Then the Fall of Man is taken up, and for the Chaldean legend of it Professor Porter goes this time to Smith. It will scarcely be believed, however, that the tablet now relied upon is the identical one of which he has just quoted Fox Talbot's translation as verifying the fact of the war among the angels! We append Smith's translation of the passage above cited—obscure, he confesses, being a fragment from the speech of a god:

"May he speak, may he glorify, may he exalt his majesty
The god Mir-ku in concern raised a protection [?].
Lord of noble lips, saviour from death
Of the gods imprisoned, the accomplisher of restoration,
His pleasure he established, he fixed upon the gods his enemies,
To fear them he made man.
The breath of life was in him.
May he be established, may his will not fail,
In the mouth of the dark races which his hand has made."

"The god Ziku en'ekly called, Director of purity,
Good kinsman, master of perception and right,
Causer to be fruitful and abundant, establisher of fertility,
Another to us has come up and greatly increased
In thy powerful advances spread over him good."

—"To an American arriving in London just now," writes a correspondent under date of June 23, "the English stage presents some strange surprises. Mr. Sothorn's remarkable portrait of the 'Crushed Tragedian' failed of success, and it has been followed on the Haymarket stage by an empty farce called the 'Hornet's Nest.' This, though it fell flat in New York, is a success here; and, by the same law of contraries, 'Pink Dominoes' and 'Our Boys,' both failures in America, are in London, one at its four-hundredth performance and the other at its eleven-hundredth—a 'run' altogether without precedent and beyond comprehension, indeed, for nothing in play or players seems to warrant such a continuance of public favor. At only one of the three theatres which attempt a higher standard of dramatic art has the bill recently been changed. 'Diplomacy' at the Prince of Wales's and 'Olivia' at the Court have already been noticed by other of your correspondents. At the Lyceum, 'Louis XI,' an artistic but not a pecuniary success, has been replaced by 'Vanderdecken,' a new version of the legendary 'Flying Dutchman,' by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and Mr. W. G. Wills. Mr. Wills seems to be the stock purveyor of the poetic drama: he is the author of the historically impossible 'Charles L.' in which Mr. Irving was most picturesque six or seven years ago; he is also the author of a 'Nell Gwynne' now performing at the Royalty, and of 'Olivia.' Mr. Wills has been a painter and a novelist; he is something of a poet, as a ballad in 'Vanderdecken' bears witness; but he is no playwright. He is a dramatist much as many of the Elizabethan poets were dramatists. The principles of play-making were not generally understood in those days, audiences were not exacting, and the author filled any pause in the action with fine words about anything in the heavens or in the earth or in the waters under the earth. This is Mr. Wills's principle. When 'Vanderdecken,' for instance, gets his *Thekla* all to himself, the situation is not developed, but all action pauses to allow the mysterious hero to describe, with much turgid rhetoric, the wonders of nature seen by him in his wanderings; in short, Mr. Wills's *Flying Dutchman* is a member of the Geographical Society. Mr. Irving is as picturesque as 'Vanderdecken' as he is in everything. His first appearance is very striking, and he identifies himself with the character and makes it consistent and suggestive. But what his friends call mannerism, and his enemies term downright affectation, seems to be growing apace. He juggles with his voice; he stalks portentously; and, in short, apparently does all he can to kill the good impression he always makes at first. These faults seem almost wilful. Eight years ago I saw him play admirably in the 'Two Roses.' Five years ago I saw his *Eugene Aram* and *Richelieu*, and the affectation was unmistakable; now it is well-nigh unbearable."

—In the movement to secure international copyright we expect more from Sir James Stephen than from Victor Hugo, and for that reason we regard the report of the English Copyright Commission as of much greater practical consequence than the literary congress which met in the Châtelet theatre on the afternoon of June 16, and banqueted in the Continental Hotel the same evening. It was a congress at which neither Augier, Dumas, Sarcy, Sardou, Flaubert, Renan, nor Taine was present, but Edmond About presided, Victor Hugo made the "effort" of the occasion, Jules Simon was most felicitous, Blanchard Jerrold spoke for England, Turgeneff for Russia, and a maladroit Herr Löwenthal for Germany. Victor Hugo's address was carefully prepared and effectively delivered, but it was little more than a display of rhetorical pyrotechnics, mixed with some incongruous political allusions, in which appeals for amnesty to the Communists and remission of the death penalty to the Emperor's would-be assassins found a place. The Congress appeared to unite in the sentiment advanced by M. About, that "we ought to be proprietors of a book that we have made as we are of a house—that we have not made." This property should be immutable, even on change of country—a French book having the same rights in Austria as an Austrian book in France; and it should be perpetual. A resolution was also adopted in deference to M. Hugo's idea of what he calls "the public domain subject to charges." It is couched in these terms, and seems to us to stamp the unpractical character of the Congress: "After the expiration of the period fixed for the author's rights by the present legislation with different countries, any person may reproduce literary works on payment of dues to the heirs or representatives of the author."

—The centenary of Voltaire did not receive a one-sided celebration. Numerous brochures were launched against the satirist's good name and fame and scattered broadcast among the people, by clerical writers, from

the Bishop of Orleans down. Dr. Girod's contemporary "Letter to Voltaire from the Devil" was dug up and reprinted, and the Abbé Tassy brought out, in 72 pages, 'Voltaire Painted by Himself; or, Picture of the Vices and Virtues of the Patriarch of Ferney.' As for the bishop, he showed up Voltaire as painted by Jean Jacques, but discredited his own witness by citing Voltaire's worse abuse of Rousseau. For particulars about these and the remaining pamphlets one may consult M. Talon's combative review in *Polybiblion* for June. Meantime, Rousseau's century has come and passed, and it, too, has called forth a shoal of publications, perhaps quite as valuable as those in regard to Voltaire, and more unanimous, the clerical opposition being much less manifest. Indeed, M. Dufour, writing from Geneva to the *Athenaeum*, mentions but one (and that an anonymous) hostile pamphlet, 'J. J. Rousseau Painted by Himself and His Contemporaries.' Under the auspices of the committee in charge of the Geneva festival have appeared a tract for the young, 'Why We Celebrate Rousseau,' of which the author is supposed to be a woman, and if so had a very delicate task to perform; a collection of the most beautiful passages from his writings—'Rousseau and his Works, Biography, and Fragments,' preceded by a general survey of his career, by Mr. Rudolphe Rey, and a particular account of his relation to the Genevese political struggles of the last century, by M. Amédée Roget; and, finally, an Iconography of Rousseau, describing the various portraits of him (some four hundred in number). M. Roget is also the author of 'The Wisdom of Jean-Jacques,' consisting of select thoughts, maxims, etc., with original comments and reflections on them. Of interest to all lovers of nature and of pedestrianism is Prof. Eugène Ritter's 'Jean-Jacques et le Pays Romand,' a collection of passages describing the philosopher's excursions, botanical and other, in that part of Switzerland, and preceded by pieced extracts from the 'Confessions' pertaining to his sojourn in the western cantons. This work is issued by the Section of Literature of the Geneva Institute. Prof. Ritter has gone further, and in his 'Rousseau's Family' has published a good deal of fresh information about the father and aunt, derived from the State Records; and M. Louis Dufour-Vernes has obtained from notarial sources the materials for his fruitful 'Researches concerning J. J. Rousseau and his Relatives.' Still other special works are 'Calvin and Rousseau,' by M. Gaberel; a study of Rousseau's religious notions, by Pastor Doret; 'Origin of Rousseau's Political Ideas,' by M. Jules Vuy; and an account of the honors paid him in France and by Geneva.

TAINE'S "REVOLUTION."*

M. TAINE boasts with justifiable pride of the care with which he has for the history of the Revolution consulted the statements of contemporary writers, and especially of officials whose reports were made for the Government, without the desire either to guide or mislead posterity.

"My notes," he writes, "will point out the position, the office, the name, and the residence of these authoritative witnesses. To ensure greater exactness I have, whenever I could, copied their very words. Thus, my reader, with the text before him, can interpret the text for himself, and form an opinion of his own on the conclusions to be drawn from it. He will have before him the same documents on which to base his opinion as I have had myself, and can, if he sees fit, come to conclusions opposed to my own."

These sentences make evident to any intelligent critic at once the merit and the fundamental defect of M. Taine's work. The value of the book consists in its being a laborious collection of well-authenticated facts illustrating the condition of France from 1789 to 1791. Not an assertion is made which is not supported by evidence, and vehement opponents of M. Taine's conclusions would, we suspect, be driven to confess that the truth of every fact he produces is in itself past dispute. The result of the information which he collects is extremely curious. His facts dispel a host of legends and theories. The great National Assembly which inaugurated the tremendous Revolution shrinks, under the light thrown upon its conduct by M. Taine, into a body of very ordinary persons, who, at a great crisis of the world's history, showed the most signal incompetence in dealing with the political problems of their day. Their laws turn out to have been mere preambles, constantly wanting the practical enactments necessary to carry out the well-sounding principles intended to be made the basis of legislation. The representatives who undertook to guide France never introduced order into their own debates, and the so-called statesmen who overthrew the power of the Crown fell from the very first under the dominion of blackguards drawn from all the

slums of Paris. The attitude of the nation itself becomes, under M. Taine's critical examination, something far from heroic. The soldiers, who are supposed to "have forgotten that they were soldiers in order to remember that they were citizens," were stimulated to patriotism by the force rather of wine than of exalted enthusiasm. The peasants who espoused the cause of liberty had, it appears, a particularly solid ground for supporting the Revolution. Their one passionate desire was to get possession of the land. Country-houses were sacked that title-deeds might be destroyed, and nobles were hunted out of France not because they were tyrants but because they were landlords. Society dissolved because every man was looking after his own private interest, and when famine filled the poor with fear and suspicion, the ignorance of the popular leaders and the weakness of the central Government combined to intensify tenfold sufferings which a moderate amount of political sagacity might either have averted or have greatly diminished. The general impression, in short, conveyed by the long indictment which M. Taine's industry has drawn up against the heroes of the Revolution, is that a nation of fools, led by a small body of madmen or knaves, fell into one calamity after another because they were intoxicated by vanity and false theories and refused to give heed to the dictates of the most ordinary common sense. That this, or something very like it, is the conclusion which M. Taine's work suggests we cannot doubt. It is, further, as we have already pointed out, the merit of the method on which he has worked that the assertions he makes are grounded on a careful collection of facts, and cannot be dismissed as the mere dogmas of a theorist aiming at reputation through the maintenance of an historical paradox.

But though the worth of M. Taine's contribution to the knowledge of a most important period must be frankly admitted, any candid critic can perceive that each of our author's statements may in itself be true, and yet that the conclusions at which he arrives may not contain the whole truth, or anything like the whole truth, as to the character of the Revolution and of the Revolutionary leaders. The passage already cited betrays the inadequate conception which M. Taine has formed of an historian's functions. A mere mass of facts is no more a history than a pile of bricks is a house. M. Taine has brought together a heap of materials which some future writer may find of use in constructing an historical monument, but of any capacity for such construction he himself shows no trace. If, further, he underrates the duties of an historian, he, on his own showing, signally overestimates the value to readers of a quantity of authorities. He strangely forgets that, granting (what we are willing to concede) that the particular statements made by our author are true, the question is still open to consideration whether he may not have overlooked facts which counterbalance or outweigh or give a different complexion to the evidence which he adduces. An indictment may be a true bill as to every particular which it contains, but no one supposes that it necessarily contains a fair statement of the whole of the criminal's career or conveys a just estimate of his moral character. Readers who wish to apprise the real worth (which is often very great) of M. Taine's facts should carefully consider whether his conclusions may not be vitiated by his failing to weigh fairly considerations to which most historians have given even undue weight.

On three points, at least, M. Taine's view of the Revolution is, to use the mildest term, defective. He underrates, in the first place, the tremendous character of the crisis with which the people of France had to deal. What is called the French Revolution is, after all, merely a part of the great European movement against the remains of feudal ideas and institutions. Say what you will, and you can hardly say too much, of the incompetence and ignorance of the French liberal leaders, you cannot in fairness deny that they were brought suddenly face to face with a Revolution which was at once political, social, and religious. The difficulties which had harassed England in the reign of Richard II., the questions which had been raised in other countries at the Reformation, the problems which had taxed all the ingenuity of English statesmanship at the end of the seventeenth century, were all raised in France at the meeting of the States General. The deputies were ignorant, but it may well be questioned whether in some cases their knowledge did not mislead them as much as their ignorance. They ought, it is said, to have imitated the English Constitution. Those who give this advice should remember that it was the doctrine of constitutionalists as to the separation of legislative and executive powers which led the Assembly into the gravest of its merely political blunders. In any case it is vain to suppose that men caught in such a storm as that which shook all the institutions of Continental Europe should at once know how, without loss of men or property, to steer clear of all the rocks with which their course was beset.

* 'Les Origines de la France Contemporaine. Par H. Taine. La Révolution. Tome I.' Paris: Hachette & Co.; New York: F. W. Christern.

M. Taine, in the second place, assumes, in the face of every fact and probability, that the liberal leaders could trust the court and the nobles. The king was well-meaning, but the king neither knew a great minister when he saw him, nor could stand by a good and great man, such as Turgot, when fate for once gave him the chance of saving himself and his country. The flight to Varennes gave every liberal fair warning of what he had to expect. No sane person can doubt that, had the king reached his army, a civil war would have broken out. Louis, it may be urged, had a conscience. We do not doubt it. His conscience would have told him to obey the directions of the Pope and use force against an Assembly engaged in a conflict with the Church. But if it be granted that the National Assembly might fear the court, the whole difficulty of their position becomes apparent. They ought, it is said with great truth, to have quelled the mob of Paris; but it was all but impossible that leaders who might at any moment need the aid of the populace to coerce the court, should restore order by disarming the only force which they could oppose to the reactionary movements of the king and nobles.

M. Taine, in the third place, greatly overrates the suffering which local anarchy brought on the nation. Even the decrease in the revenue meant that the burden of men weighed down by taxation was suddenly lightened.

"Was it a loss to the miserable subjects who formerly paid these taxes, and who paid them by the sweat of their brows, at the expense of the bread out of their children's mouths, assessed with tyranny and levied in blood? Do they feel a loss in having 175,000,000 in their pockets in 1789 more than they had in 1788, and in possessing another 175,000,000 more in 1790 and the inheritance in future? Is not such a change ease, wealth, life, and alleviation to those classes who, while the pens of political satirists slander all innovations, are every moment reviving by inheriting from the Revolution something which the old Government assuredly did not give? The revenue of the clergy may be called the revenue of the public. Those to whom the difference between the present payment of 140,000,000 and the old tithes are a deduction of all revenue are beyond doubt in great distress; but what say the farmers throughout the kingdom, from whom the detestable burden of these taxes was extorted? Do not they find their culture lightened, their industry freed, their products their own? Go to the aristocratic politician at Paris or at London and you hear only of the ruin of France; go to the cottage of the *métayer* or the house of the farmer, and demand of him what the result has been, there will be but one voice from Calais to Bayonne. If tithes were to be at one stroke abolished in England, no doubt the clergy would suffer, but would not the agriculture of the kingdom, with every man depending on it, rise with a vigor never before experienced?"

These lines from Arthur Young may well outweigh a hundred well-authenticated facts adduced to suggest that "aristocratical politicians" were the only true patriots in France, that the common people suffered by a change which made them rich, and that the régime which every one detested was not in reality worthy of detestation.

SWINBURNE'S NEW VOLUME.*

IT is now some dozen years since the public first really made the acquaintance of Mr. Swinburne through his remarkable poem 'Atalanta in Calydon.' This imitation of Greek dramatic verse, though not absolutely his first attempt, was the first which made him known. It was in all respects a very marked production. It showed great poetical imagination and a mastery of versification. That it displayed much original powers of thought was not to be expected, for there was little or no scope for that. Sympathy for antique and foreign modes of thought and facility of expression it evinced in abundance. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would have taken it to be a translation or adaptation from the Greek. To those who were interested in literature it appeared to announce the appearance of a new English poet of no ordinary promise.

Mr. Swinburne began his career under influences which were sure to make it an interesting one. English poetry, which has had in its six centuries of existence so many different phases of development that it has puzzled even a French critic to formulate completely the laws which have governed its growth, had about this time entered upon a new and hitherto untried stage. Down to the middle of the present century it had never been doubted in England that, whatever else poetry might be, it was always and above all moral—and by moral we do not mean to use the word in that restricted sense which confines morality to the inculcation of the necessity of exercising a control over the appetites and passions, but moral in the sense of having a purpose, of being written to convey some idea, further some cause, or aid some object. In saying this we do not leave out of consideration dramatic poetry—poetry written for the

stage—for in every poem which is also a play, from the "Seven against Thebes" to "Hamlet," there cannot be wanting a steady aim on the part of the writer of some sort. Most English poetry, however, has had aims far simpler than any which the drama allows. To help the cause of the weak against the strong; to urge on the lover of his country to do battle for her; to ridicule and satirize the follies and vanities of society, or to turn the mind to the contemplation of the next world; to fill us with admiration for the noble and beautiful qualities of human nature, and with scorn and contempt for its baser passions; to move the heart or to lift the soul—these have been the simple objects of nine-tenths of the men whose names make up the renown of English poetry. Criticism has always found great difficulty in defining what the object of poetry was, because its objects have been as various and changing as human life; but when we reflect on the verse of Pope, Dryden, Milton, Wordsworth, or Tennyson, we shall certainly find reason to call them all, in a broad sense, moral poets.

It was not till within the last twenty-five years that a new theory with regard to the functions and uses of poetry made its appearance, which was certainly a novelty in English literature. It announced to all men that the prevailing belief in a connection between morality and poetry—and, indeed, any form of art—was all a delusion; that the great thing was not what you said or sung, or with what purpose you spoke or sung, but how you did it. Art, these critics maintained, has nothing to do with subject or matter; it is purely a question of form. Poets who write with a purpose are merely clergymen in disguise. The contents of a poem must never be examined; the only question is whether it is well expressed. This theory was, of course, drawn from the domain of painting, where the controversy between morality and art had raged for a long time, and the hold which it seemed to take upon the English mind was remarkable. On one side it appeared in Rossetti; on the other, in Matthew Arnold, who, happily uniting the functions of critic and poet, explained in one character the reasons which made it necessary to read what he had written in the other. To see the thing "as it is" was, according to Mr. Arnold, the first duty of the critic. To have seen certain things as they might have been, or as they ought to have been, would assuredly have sadly interfered with the pleasure derived from most of Mr. Arnold's poems.

The new theory developed with astonishing rapidity in England. In this country, for various reasons, it received a cold welcome. At the time of its invention most of the leading poets of this country—Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier—had just been mustered out after a thirty years' service of the muse in the cause of freedom; to tell them, or anybody who had been moved by their verse, that poetry existed for its own sake and not to stir men's blood to deeds of valor and patriotism, and that the true critic was he who saw the thing "as it was," was to utter meaningless sounds. Consequently the new gospel never made much headway here. But in England it prospered amazingly; and curiously, though naturally enough, the first two "finds" of this latter-day school were Americans, and Americans, too, who had never had much honor in their own country. One of these was a bard the chief characteristics of whose verse was an indecency which should long ago have brought him under the eye of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and the fact that, improving on the example of M. Jourdain, he wrote prose without knowing it. The other was a gentleman whose Western adventures, according to his own account, had been such as rather to qualify him for the position of poet among the Iroquois than among the English, and whose facility in versification was somewhat marred by such a frequent disregard of grammar and sense as seemed to preclude the idea of professional license. Here was poetry that was not moral; here were poets who did not seem to know good from evil, any more than the beasts of the field; who had no object or aim or purpose; who neither exhorted nor ridiculed, but simply sat down to "write poetry," as boys of twelve write it, because they have heard it is a fine thing to do.

It was under the influence of the school which had chosen to make itself responsible for Whitman and Miller that Mr. Swinburne began to write, and he has from time to time given proof that he is an apt pupil. We have endeavored not to underrate his great natural powers. So far as we know, no poet has appeared in England within thirty years who, at the outset, had greater; but the question is, What has he done with them? He has been now for ten years engaged in carrying out the peculiar theories of the school to which he belongs—that is to say, he has been "writing poetry," not with a purpose, not with an aim, not to rouse or to charm or to warn, but to put whatever ideas occur

* "Poems and Ballads." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Second series.) New York: R. Worthington. 1878.

to him in a poetical form and publish them. This is the negative side of the attempt; it has a positive side too; he is filled with the idea, which all his school share, that poetry has been what the *Saturday Review* calls "perversely moral," and that it is time to check this tendency. In a certain sense, therefore, he may be said to have had an object—that of checking this perversity. It is hardly necessary to say that to do so he has run to the opposite extreme—that of unbridled license. We may say, by the way, that it is a remarkable trait of all the most distinguished bards of this last decade that wherever they come from, and however different they are in other respects, there is one ground that is common to them all—they all agree that there is nothing so disgusting as decency.

Mr. Swinburne has now been pursuing the path of the new school for some ten years, and what has it brought him to? We have looked over his last volume of poems with some curiosity to see. It consists in part of translations from the French of Villon, whom Mr. Swinburne calls the "Prince of all Ballad-makers," and to whom he inscribes a ballad of his own with the singular refrain—

"Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name,"

These translations do not impress us with a belief that there is any more rational foundation for Mr. Swinburne's raptures over his "sad bad glad mad brother" than there is for the ecstasy into which the writings of the author of *Fleurs de Mal*, whom he invokes as a "sweet strange elder singer," seem to throw him. It is a noticeable peculiarity of his school that a great deal of their time is occupied in the search for sad bad glad brothers and sweet elder singers, whose memory the rest of the world has agreed it is not of great importance to preserve, whose chief recommendation in the eyes of these admirers is that their careers have been of a criminal, or their poetry of a libidinous or otherwise evil cast. The rest of the book is made up of a variety of poems in all metres, some of them managed with a great deal of skill, on a variety of subjects, of which "The Forsaken Garden" and some of the verses of "Four Songs of Four Seasons," are to our minds the most pleasing. We have not space to quote any of them at length, but the general impression left on us by the book as a whole is a very distinct one. It is one of emptiness and repetition. Which of these poems teaches us anything, tells us anything, or communicates ideas of intrinsic beauty? Which of them lingers in the memory after reading it? Not one. In many of them there are single lines of considerable force, more often half-lines, or mere epithets, treasures from the originally rich storehouse of Mr. Swinburne's fancy, scattered about here and there, and giving a hint of the wealth that has been squandered; but this is pretty much all. The steady dramatic grasp which was displayed in the *Atalanta*, the passionate, and at the same time restrained, force of expression are all gone, and in their places we have broken bursts of emotion of one sort and another, sometimes erotic, sometimes pathetic, and sometimes maudlin, sometimes coherent and sometimes incoherent, full of distorted and confused expression, and seldom or never producing the effect intended. In one of the poems called "Sestina" the poet has a vision of his soul at rest, and describes it. He says:

"This was the measure of my soul's delight;
It had no power of joy to fly by day,
Nor part in the large lordship of the light;
But in a secret moon-beholden way
Had all its will of dreams and pleasant night,
And all the love and life that sleepers may."

And again, he says that it

"Sought no strength nor knowledge of the day,
Nor closer touch conclusive of delight,
Nor mightier joy nor truer than dreamers may,
Nor more of song than they, nor more of light."

This, though probably not intended so, strikes us as a very accurate description of the comatose condition to which Mr. Swinburne's muse is reduced after ten years' wear and tear. It reads "a secret moon-beholden way" quite apart from the ordinary paths of men, their interests, passions, hopes, virtues, or even vices. Of "At a Month's End," except as a dream, and belonging to the life that sleepers—and bad sleepers at that—lead, we can make very little. In it he (or the first person) figures as a sea-mew and his mistress as a "sleek black pantheress" (this is a characteristic comparison of Mr. Swinburne's, and gives him an opportunity, a few verses later, to refer to what must strike a libidinous-minded critic of the new school as two of its finest lines—

"The print and perfume of old passion";
"The wild-beast mark of panther's fangs";

but what it all is, except a nightmare, is quite beyond us. We confess, too, to having sighed for a gloss in reading "Choriambs," "At Parting," "A Song in Season," "Two Leaders," and "Triads." Having examined them with care, we believe that we understand them; but we have followed the moon-beholden path which Mr. Swinburne's muse takes in them with difficulty, and a success in mastering such difficulties, however much it may be a reason for self-satisfaction, can never cause us much delight in the obstacles which have made the way rough. Minor poets, we may take leave here to say, ought not to forget this as often as they do.

Mr. Swinburne has made his bed, and in it he must lie. With great natural powers, and, to judge from some of his earlier poems, generous poetical impulses, he has chosen to abandon the broad highway of English poetry, where he might have journeyed to the end with the great masters of song, for a narrow and miry path which he and a few friends insist, contrary to the evidence of their senses, is the turnpike. In it he has found a few kindred spirits who have also lost their way, and he hails them as brothers, and insists on following them to the end, though they, poor devils, mostly strangers to the language and the country, have no desire to lead him in any direction. A poetical tramp here and there he picks up as travelling companion, who is glad enough, in consideration of being assured that he, too, is one of the children of light, to fall in with any theory of the country; and so the poor traveller seems doomed to go along, getting further and further from the road, and deeper and deeper in the æsthetic bog, until he falls by the wayside to perish of the hunger and thirst that sooner or later overtakes those who in poetry, as in other walks of life, follow false guides. We fear that it is already too late for him to turn back, and that he must go on in his "moon-beholden way" to the end.

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